

Entreri's Sonnet

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Summary: Eric's goal in life was to always follow in his older brother's footsteps. That's why when Tyler Entreri joined the UNSC ODS'T program, Eric quickly followed suit. Eric was expecting to fight in wars already raging across the galaxy; though when a new enemy arises, Eric begins to question his being in the ODS'T Marines.

1. Chapter 1 - Long Walk

****Author's Note:** This would be my first legitimate fan-fiction that I've posted here, but not my first time writing stories. My plot line diverges slightly from Halo ODS'T, and it's got completely new characters. Hope you like it. Constructive criticism is more than welcome! (Also; I wrote this on my iPhone and I didn't notice it changed all the UNSC's to USMC. I'm fixing it all. Thanks for your patience)**

****Halo: ODS'T****

-Entreri's Sonnet-

****Chapter One****

-Long Walk-

Muffled, rhythmic thumps echoed through the red-wood forest as Eric charged across the moss covered floor. He'd been running for the past ten minutes, and it wasn't getting any easier. He felt as though his veins were pumping battery acid, and his lungs were filling with liquid fire. His entire body begged to just collapse and take a break. 'If I do, I die.' Eric mumbles to himself through ragged gasps for air. 'Quitting isn't an option.'

Eric slowly rounded a large red-wood tree, it's branches seeming to stretch up into the blackened sky. He slowly looked up at the sky and his eyes locked on a bright red star, far out in the cold reaches of

space, "Tyler..." He mumbles aloud "You're out there somewhere..." His brother Tyler, an ODS member himself, was stationed in the Zeta Quadrant aboard the U.S.S. Aurora. Though every person in the UNSC agrees that the Aurora was the safest ship in the entire Galaxy, Eric still couldn't help but feel a slight pang of fear deep in his stomach when he thought of his brother. He was all Eric had left.

Just as Eric's mind began to wander, he felt his boot connected with a thick root protruding from the base of a tree. Before he knew what was happening, Eric was face-down in a pile of earthy moss. He grunted slightly as he pushed himself up off the ground and up against the nearest tree, he may as well take break now... It had been nearly twenty minutes since the last gunshot. He slowly scanned the forest around him, the trees glowing a sickly green from his night-vision visor built into the black helmet encasing his head. A dark green marker flicked on inside his visor, a small number under it read 500M. Everything around him seemed so peaceful and still. He should have known better.

Just as his heart rate began to slow, and managed to get some breathable air in his lungs, a plume of brown dirt erupted in-front of him. 'Sniper.' The word immediately snapped into his mind, and sure enough, a second later, the snap of the high powered bullet breaking the sound barrier rang through the forest. Eric jumped to his feet, his steel-toe boots digging into the soft earth under him as he rips through the forest once more.

Suddenly, they decided to ditch secrecy all together. All around him, dark shapes began to shift through the forest, easily matching his speed. "Fuck..." He mumbles, forcing his already screaming legs to propel him faster. The flash of muzzle fire erupted from all around him, bits of bark being stripped from the trees as the steel core bullets narrowly missed their targets. Not far ahead of him, a large chunk of red-wood vaporized before him, the sound of a high powered rifle sounding soon after. 'My luck won't last long' He repeats in his head, looking for any sort of way out. The marker was closer now, but not close enough. 400 meters till he reaches the landing zone. A female voice sounds from his com speakers, "Gunshots reported in your sector, be advised."

"I'm taking heavy fire! Multiple hostiles at unknown locations! The LZ is going to be hot, ETA two minutes!" Eric nearly yells through the radio. He was barely able hear himself over the cracking of gunfire, let alone think.

"Copy that Bravo team. Over and out." The female voice chimed calmly.

Bravo team, what a joke. He was the only one left. The other men in his squad were cut down by a mounted machine gun in an ambush much similar to this one. The only reason he managed to get away is they sent him several meters ahead of them as a scout... It was whole sale slaughter. So much for a recon mission.

His lungs felt as though they were being ripped from his chest by the time he was a hundred meters from the landing zone. More gunfire popped as they tore through the air around him, smacking into nearby trees and bushes. "Where the fuck are you?!" Eric screams into his helmet, taking cover behind a large tree, bullets peppering where he

stood seconds ago.

"Inbound. ETA thirty seconds." The voice chimes.

Thirty seconds, that should be enough time to sprint across and make it to the LZ right as the Pelican arrives. Letting out a sharp yell, Eric pulls out his Glock 17 and charges around the tree, sprinting once more towards the dark green marker on his heads up display.

He was twenty meters away when a particularly loud bang sounded near him, and not seconds after, a white hot pain rocketed up his leg. The metal shrapnel from the frag grenade ripped through his leg. "Shit!" Eric let out a sharp scream, clutching his lower thigh as he rolled to a stop in a bank of ferns. "Shit shit shit!" He mumbles to himself, pressing against his shredded leg, searching for the medkit strapped to his opposite thigh. His hand closed around nothing but air. Right.. They didn't give him a medkit OR any extra ammo. This was supposed to be a 'recon mission'. Minimal risk and all that other bullshit. Gunfire continued to rain relentlessly overhead. Where the hell was his pickup?

A cold ball of fear began to settle in his stomach. What if they weren't coming? What if they were shot down before they could get here? Just as his thoughts began to roam, a thunderous roar echoed overhead. Glancing up, Eric managed to catch a glimpse of a shining metal hull, with black UNSC lettering tattooed to the side. "Thank god.." He mumbled.

Blinding flames began to emit from the landing thrusters, as the bulky metal ship slowly began to lower itself to the forest floor. Eric got up as quickly as he could manage on his crippled leg, beginning to half-run, half-limp to the Pelican. A shadow shifted to his right, and it was coming right for him. Eric quickly raised his pistol and let loose a series of shots in the direction of the shadow. The first two went wild and struck a far of tree, but the third hit home and made a wet smack. A thump quickly followed as the figure struck the mossy floor. His thigh strained further and sent gut wrenching pain through his body. Ten meters... Nine, eight, seven, six, five-

Eric was a mere fifteen feet away when a ball of fire shot out of the trees, and struck the Pelican right in the engine. There was a slight pause, then the drop ship erupted in a ball of brilliant blue flame. The shockwave from the explosion lifted Eric off his feet and slammed him against a tree, the sound of breaking bones resonated in his metal helmet. The edges of his vision began to fade as he struggled to stay conscious.

The forest went suddenly quiet, and the sound of gunfire stopped. From a bank of nearby trees, a man began to slowly pick his way through the fiery wreckage, his tall stature silhouettes black against the flames. As he approached Eric, the man's details slowly came into a fuzzy focus. The man was dressed in green cargo pants, with nothing but a flak jacket covering his torso. Over his left eye was a black eye patch. Eric tried to feebly raise his sidearm and point it at the man. though to no avail as the barrel hardly met the man's knees. He kicked it away easily with a swipe of his boot, landing with a clatter several feet away. "ODST my ass." The man grumbles, aiming his own pistol at Eric, his finger tightening on the trigger. There was a small pause, followed by a echoing bang, then

darkness.

Seconds after, he came to in a head-splitting haze. The forest was gone, as was the ruined Pelican. In it's place was a room the size of several football fields, around twenty people standing about idly with what appeared to be guns pressed closely to their chests. Eric stood up in a fit of rage, ripping off his mock helmet and tossing it an easy twenty yards. "Recon mission my fucking ass!" Eric yells at the man who was standing over him just minutes before. The man was old, easily in his late fifties. His hair already fading to grey near his sideburns, and folds of wrinkled skin fanning his face. His grubby uniform was now replaced with a cleanly pressed grey suit, with a wide spanning variety of badges and pins.

"You must've missed the true point of this simulation, Corporal Entreri." He responds calmly, his arms folded behind his back.

"With all do respect, Lieutenant, what the hell do you mean?" Eric says, his brow furrowing in frustration.

"The mission wasn't to provide reconnaissance for Charlie team. It was to see how you would adapt to a drastic change in your mission objective and..." He pauses slightly, glancing over at Eric's four other 'dead' teammates. "You did surprisingly well.." The Lieutenant looked at a massive clock covering the south wall. "You survived for sixty-seven minutes and fourty-two seconds... A new record, Corporal. We'll make an ODST out of you yet." And with that, he turned and walked towards the hydraulic airlock at the northern end of the room.

He had to admit, he was impressed with himself. A high score, in THE UNSC academy of all places? LEGENDS have come out of this place; Reagan Duval, Marilyn Tagliavia, and Victor Kalkishnov. He was the one who took the longest survival time? Eric grinned to himself, and let out a short laugh. He immediately regretted it as he clutched his ribs with both hands. Though it was a mock training, you could still break bones. He winced in pain as he slowly made his way across the room. The med-bay was on the other side of the academy. It was going to be a long walk...

2. Chapter 2 - A Time We Used To Strive For

Halo: ODST

-Entreri's Sonnet-

Chapter Two

-A Time We Used To Strive For-

* * *

><p>There wasn't much they could do for his cracked ribs, which meant he'd be out of commission for a few days. Maybe it was a blessing in disguise. Eric let out a soft sigh, carefully rolling onto his back, staring up at the roof of his small room. There wasn't much to occupy the space in his dorm. On the north side, there was a metal desk with wood lining and several drawers, the bottom one with his sidearm, always seems to stick when you try to opening it. A twin sized bed

sat in the northeast corner, and was seated upon a metal frame polished to a shine. On top of the desk was a holo-monitor, with a built in computer. The east wall, above his bed, sheltered a window overlooking the ground's gardens far below.<p>

Eric grinned softly as he lay atop his sheets, the lieutenant's words echoing inside his head, "... We may make an ODST out of you yet, Corporal." A soft ding emitted from the holo-monitor, a small flashing orange square appeared on the previously blank screen. Eric felt his stomach twist; it was a message from his brother. He hasn't heard from him in months, the last message was made while he was climbing aboard a Pelican, getting ready to make its way to Planet Sigma.

Eric leapt off his bed, nearly tangling himself in his sheets in the process. He plopped himself down in the metal chair, smiling as he pulls open the top drawer. Inside was a wooden chess board, though the chess pieces were a collection of spent shells. Eric began pulling them out one by one and setting them up on the board. He placed several pistol shells in the place of pawns, followed by 12-gauge shells as rooks, rifle casings as knights, unspent rifle ammo as bishops, two shotgun shells merged together as a queen, and lastly a .50 caliber round shell as the king.

Eric leaned forward and tapped the orange letter displayed on his screen. The display quickly flickered to life, displaying a smiling man who appeared to be in his mid twenties. He was fairly handsome. He sported a strong jaw with a hint of stubble beginning to show. His cheek bones were high and prominent against his tan skin. He had short cropped brown hair, with a set of startlingly bright silver eyes to boot. Doctors never really knew why his eyes were they way they were. His mother always thought it was because he was special.

Behind him was a sullen background, it looked as if he was inside a tent on a stormy night. In the far corner, the barrel of an assault rifle was poking up into view of the camera. Flickering idly beside the man was a candle, it's flame dancing back and forth, playing shadows on the wall of the tent.

"Ready, bro?" The man asks smiling, showing off a set of even, white teeth.

"Yeah, Tyler." Eric says back, showing his own smile. He knew Tyler couldn't hear or see him. It was just a video relay. But it didn't seem to deter him. As far as he knew, Tyler was doing the same thing.

"You won the last game. Lucky. You're getting smarter. That academy must be doing SOMETHING right." Tyler smirked slightly, looking down at a board identical to Eric's. "Same rules, ten moves per video. No cheating." He adds with a wink.

"Wouldn't dream of it, bro." Eric mumbles, his smile leaving dimples on his cheeks.

"Alright..." Tyler says, beginning to move pieces around the board. "You know mom will kick your ass if you don't keep your grades up..." He says quietly, his face falling slightly at the comment. Eric knew Tyler liked talking about their mom as if she was still alive... He

said it preserved her memory. She was the whole reason Tyler joined the USMC. Several years ago, a series of revolts rose up against the government. Riots in the streets lead to the military issuing martial law, and soon enough, people becoming more aggressive and violent. Their mother was walking home one night and decided to take a shortcut down a side street. Needless to say, a group of drunk revolutionaries thought it would be a good idea to try to 'recruit' her into their ranks. When she said no, things got ugly, and she never showed up to her house that night.

Tyler let out a soft chuckle, "The boys were talking about us today. Hell jumper brothers, diving feet first into shit side by side. They're pretty excited." He looked up at the camera, a smile back on his face, "Just be sure to sleep with your gun close, and your shampoo bottles closer." This time it was Eric's turn to laugh. As kids, Eric replaced Tyler's shampoo with a bottle of lotion right before he showered. 'Those were the days..' Eric thought, 'Those were the days.'

Somewhere off screen, someone began talking to Tyler. He gave a short nod, and an 'uh-huh' then faced the camera again. "I gotta go bro. Send me a video back. I miss you man... When I go on leave, we'll go out and buy a dozen milkshakes and see who can finish six the fastest. Alright bro?"

"Alright, man." Eric responds, placing a curled fist against the screen. Tyler did the same soon after. "Miss you..." Eric echoes. Tyler flashed a quick peace sign, before snapping shut his laptop. The screen flickered out of existence.

Eric let out a small sigh, moving over and falling onto his bed, pulling his woolen sheets over his chin once more. "Stay safe, Tyler." Eric mumbles, clearing his voice and saying clearly, "Lights; Off." A female voice similar to the one he heard earlier in today's mock training sounded across his room.

"Lights dimmed. Goodnight Corporal Entreri."

"Goodnight, Gabriella." Eric mumbles.

Gabriella, his personalized AI that every student was presented with upon arrival, was named after his mother. Everyone had their own reason for naming their AI's certain things. His brother named his Mariana, after his fiancÃ© who was living with her family on Harvest, several hundred miles away from the Academy. Eric rolled over and stared at his clock; a glowing red '12:15' flashed back at him. Underneath, a set of blue lettering glowed strongly, 'December 15, 2524.'

At some point during the night, Eric slipped away into a deep and blissful sleep. He was right in the middle of being on a beach in southern Kernaurus when his lights suddenly bloomed to life, the fluorescent bulbs leaving black trails in his vision.

"The fuck?" Eric grumbles through his sleep-laden haze, raising his hand to shield his eyes from the blindingly bright lights.

"Dude you gotta check this out" A teenage voice pipes up from the doorway. "Leaked footage from the war on Reach." Eric bolted upright, ignoring the dull pain behind his eyes. The kid, seeming 18 and four

years younger than Eric, nearly sprinted across the room and jumped in his desk chair. He had the same short cropped hair as Eric, though it was startlingly blonde, bordering on silver. His face was clear of acne, and he had a matching strong jaw line that Eric sported. The kid was in nothing more than a tight green shirt with a UNSC logo on the front, and his compression shorts.

"Dude seriously Jake?" Eric asks, glancing sideways at his clock. "It's two A.M! Couldn't this wait till tomorrow?" His voice sounded more harsh than intended, though it seems Jake ignored it as he continued talking.

"Nah man, this is like, TOP SECRET classified shit." Jake says, his voice laden with excitement.

"Why the hell do you have it then? If the sarge came in..." Eric begins, staring at him.

Jake gave an idle wave of his hand, "I locked your door. Don't be such a pansy." With a small sigh, Eric rose from his bed and placed his hand on the back of the chair.

"What is it..." He asked, sounding exasperated. Just as he did, the screen quickly flicked to a video, similar to the one he saw his brother on. This time, the setting was a damp and dark alleyway, rubble laying strewn about.

"Just watch." Jake mumbles, pointing at the screen. Suddenly, battle filled the speakers accompanied by yelling and screaming.

"A battle? Cool. I've seen a metric fuckton of them." Eric says, rolling his eyes. Jake gets excited at the stupidest shit.

"No no no watch." He says, his hand hovering over the screen. Suddenly something large flashes across the screen. It looked like a flash of metal. Jake let out a stream of curses, rewinding it, and pausing it at the correct moment. "See it!?" Jake asks excitedly, jabbing a slim finger at the screen.

Eric looked closer, narrowing his eyes. "What the..." He mumbles, finally making out the shape of a humanoid figure. It stood much much taller than a human. It seemed to be clad in a sort of armor that Eric had never seen before. Though it was blurry, he could barely make out that it seemed like a man. "The fuck is that?" Eric asks in awe, his eyes locked on the figure.

What Jake was going to say, Eric would never hear. A flashing red box appeared on the screen reading, "Past Curfew! Shutting down console!" Then the screen quickly flicked out of existence.

"Shit! I'm out!" Jake says, leaping out of the chair and charging to the door, quickly clicking the lock and exiting the room.

"Jake! What the hell did you d-" Eric starts, waving his hand. 'Fuck it.' He thinks to himself, returning to his bed. What was that...? Eric's mind once again begins to race as he stares up at his ceiling once more. For the final time that night, Eric calls out, "Lights off!" The lights quickly snapped off followed by a familiar female voice.

"Lights dimmed; Good night Corporal Entreri."

"Goodnight, Gabriella..."

3. Chapter 3 - Emergency Notification

****Halo: ODST****

-Entreri's Sonnet-

****Chapter Three****

-Emergency Notification-

*** * ***

><p>"She was name and in those she loved, She exuded strength, laughter and life- And to me, also sorrow. For circumstances that have bound her to my best friend. And for whom we met in the warmth and serenity of her home. Nothing from the first day I saw her and no one that has happened to me since has ever been as frightening and as confusing. For no person I have ever known has ever done more to make me feel more sure or more insecure or more important and less significant."<p>

- Summer of 42

"Eric!" A smooth female voice called from across the cafeteria. Eric snapped out of his thoughts, and glanced towards the girl calling his name. Her name was Chelsea, and she stood a few inches shorter than him, and had curtains of red hair done up into a pony tail. Her skin was smooth and clear, lacking the makeup that so many other women needed to stay 'pretty'. She smiled gently when Eric's eyes met her silver ones, revealing a row of even white teeth, similar to Eric's. Ironically enough, the two met during a mock training similar to the one Eric was apart of several days ago. They were the last two people from a squad of fifteen. Needless to say, they quickly bonded and ended up doing nearly every training in the futrue. Seperate, they were prodigys. Together, they're a legend.

"You've been staring at your breakfast for the past twenty minutes. You found the meaning of life yet?" She ended the last sentence with a girly chuckle. It was soothing rather than being annoying. He liked her more than most privates in the academy.

"Not yet." He retorts, moving aside so she can sit next to him. She plopped down happily in the open space. Eric's table was secluded from the other twenty or so that uniformly littered the cafeteria. It was up against the far corner, a place where not many people tended to stray. In a way, it was his haven that sheltered him from the chaos that went with being enlisted in the UNSC.

"Mmm let me help you then." She says, picking up his abandoned fork in between her slender fingers. After flashing a smirk at him, she scoops up a forkful of eggs and shovels them in her mouth. She began to chew thoughtfully, looking over at him.

"Why did you really come over here Chelsea?" He asks, his voice sounding harsher than he intended it to.

"You seemed lonely." She stated simply, scooping up another mouthful of eggs. Eric nodded, glancing over to the entryway of the cafeteria.

"I was thinking." He finally mumbles after a moment of silence.

"About?" Chelsea asks, beginning to pick at the bacon.

Eric let out a meager nod, grabbing the plate and standing. "I'll show you." He responds, turning to move to the dish pile.

"Hey I wasn't done!" She shouts after him, clambering clumsily off the bench. By the time Chelsea caught up with him, Eric already had his plate scraped and piled onto the mounding pile of dirty dishes. "What's the rush?" She asks, frowning a bit as they picked their way through the maze of tables to the cafeteria exit.

"It decently important..." Eric says, smiling a bit as he looks over at her. She simply nodded back, and they continued to walk through the winding hallways to his room.

"I have a free day today, how about you?" She asks, her voice echoing loudly off the stone walls. Eric responded with a simple nod. He didn't talk much, but that's kind of what Chelsea liked about him. He was quiet.

They eventually rounded a final bend and arrived at a room with a placard attached to the door reading '152' in big bold black lettering. "Home sweet home." Eric mumbles as he pulls his plastic key card from his pocket and swipes it through the receiver. The locked made an audible click, before swinging inwards. As he stepped through the threshold, his personalized AI chimed into existence.

"Welcome back, Corporal Entreri. I see you have company. Welcome to you as well, Private Lanely." Gabriella spoke, her voice sounding soft and relaxing.

"Thanks Gabriella." Chelsea replied, seeming to not pay much attention to the AI. It was the standard greeting they both got when she visited. By now it was simply background noise. Eric's room was essentially a carbon copy of all the other dorms at the academy, save a poster hanging on his closet door. The poster was a picture of the ODSI insignia, with small bolder lettering at the bottom reading, 'Helljumpers; Feet first into hell.'

Eric crossed the room, and sat heavily on the chair. Chelsea settled for taking a seat on the surprisingly springy bed. "Your bed is a lot softer than mine." She comments thoughtfully, bouncing slightly.

Eric glanced over at her, nodding a bit as he pulled off his boots. "Never noticed." He replied, tossing his boots under his bed. Chelsea did the same.

"Me neither."

Eric finally glanced up at his monitor, settling into his steel hair

once more. As soon as he did, his heart dropped into his stomach and the cold, vise-like grip of fear filled it's place. In the middle of the screen was a flashing red icon, with black and yellow lettering in the middle reading 'UNSC EMERGENCY NOTIFICATION' Eric didn't have to open it to realize what it meant. He sat there for a few minutes, Chelsea staying silent for she too knew what it meant. Eventually Eric reached up with a trembling hand and tapped the icon. The screen blared to life.

Standing in front of the camera was the UNSC General. Much like the lieutenant, the man wore a decorated chest, filled with medals, and badges from his achievements in battle, and while commanding. His hair, too, was greying around the edges, fading slowly to a short cropped brown head. His skin was pulled taught over his bony skin, giving him the appearance of a skeleton that was about to decompose. A name tag on his chest read, 'Stanton'.

"I, am General Stanton, and I'm here to bring you unfortunate tidings. Your brother, Gunnery Sergeant Tyler Entreri passed away in battle this morning at 0843. Your brother shined in the field as not only a soldier, but a brother too. He fought with valor, courage, and bravery. I'm glad you're following in his footsteps, Eric. Your brother was a close friend of mine, as was your mother... I'm sorry for your loss." At this point, General Stanton snapped to a sharp salute, and the steam cut out of existence.

The silence in the room was almost painful. Eric sat in his chair, staring at the screen where the General once stood. "Eric.." Chelsea began, though she stopped. She knew Tyler was the only thing that Eric had left, but she couldn't imagine the amount of pain that he was going through...

Chelsea slowly rose off the bed, and gently placed her hand on his shoulder, easing him to the ground with her. So they sat there, with Eric's head in Chelsea's lap, running her slender fingers through his fuzzy hair over and over again. No tears were shed, but on the inside of Eric's mind, the General's words echoed and followed him into his dreams.

End
file.